

The Ball of Fire of George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester Illustrated by C.D. Rhodes

SYNOPSIS.

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church...

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"I attend a vestry meeting now and then," he replied, and then he laughed shortly.

"Still after it," said Allison, and talked of other matters.

Jim Sargent returned, and glancing into the little reception tete-a-tete as he passed, saw Allison and came back.

"What's his plan?" asked Allison. "Rebuilding," returned Sargent.

Gall was leaning forward, with her fingers clasped around her knee; her brown eyes had widened, and a little red spot had appeared in either cheek.

"In that the plan upon which they have decided?" and Allison looked at his watch.

"Well, hardly," frowned Sargent. "We couldn't swing Clark and Chisholm."

"He'll pull it through some way," declared Allison. "He's as smart as a whip."

Neither gentleman had noticed Gall. She had settled back in her chair during these last specious, weary and restless, and overcome with a sense of some humiliation too evasive to be properly framed even in thought.

She took the reins of conversation herself after Uncle Jim had left, and entertained Allison so brightly that he left with impatience at the tea party which monopolized her.

Later, when Rev. Smith Boyd dropped in, he met with a surprising and disconcerting vivacity. In his eyes there were pain and suffering, and inexpressible hunger, but in hers there was only dainty frivolity; a little too

ebullient, perhaps, if he had been wise enough to know; but he was not.

The study door was open when late that evening Houston Van Ploon suddenly escorted Mrs. Davies and Gall into the library, one of those rooms which appoint themselves the instinctive lounging places of all family intimates.

Uncle Jim strode out with a hearty greeting, and, at the sound of the voices of no one but Gall and Mrs. Davies, she stood gazing at the door.

"The sweetest flower that blows in any vale," quoted "Daddy" Manning, patting Gall's hand affectionately.

The rector stood by, waiting to greet her, after Manning had monopolized her a selfish moment, and the newly aroused eye for color in him seized upon the gold and blue and red of her straight Egyptian costume, and recognized in them a part of her endless variety.

"It's an offensively innocent one," returned Manning, giving the rector but small chance. "We're discussing plans for the new Vedder court tenements."

"Oh!" observed Gall, and radiated a distinct chill, whereupon Rev. Smith Boyd, divesting himself of some courtous compliment, exchanged inane adieus with Mrs. Davies and young Van Ploon, and took his committee back into the study.

Mrs. Davies remained but a moment or so. She even seemed eager to retire, and as she left the library, she cast a hopeful backward glance at the dancing-eyed Gall and the correct young Van Ploon, who, with his Dutch complexion and his blonde English mustache and his stalwart American body, was anything but a second-rate model of masculine perfection.

If the anxious Aunt Helen had counted on any important results from this evening's opportunities, she had not taken into her calculations the adroitness of Gall. In precisely five minutes Van Ploon was on the doorstep, with his iniveness on his shoulders and his silk hat in his hand, without even having approached the elaborate introduction to certain important remarks he had definitely decided to make.

A tall young man in an iniveness walked rapidly past the door while Van Ploon was saying the correctly clever things in the way of adieu; and before she had closed the door on Van Ploon, Dick Redley walked into the house with careless assurance.

"Gracious, Dicky, you can't come in!" protested Gall, with half frowning, half laughing remonstrance. "It's a fearful howl for calls."

"I'm a friend of the family," insisted Dick, calmly closing the door behind them and hanging his hat on the rack. "I guess you've forgotten the program."

"Oh, yes, the proposal. Well, have it over with." "All right," he agreed, and taking her arm and tucking her shoulder comfortably close to him, he walked easily with her back to the library.

"I'm going to shock you to death," he told her. "I'm going to propose seriously to you."

Some laughing retort was on her lips, but she sought a look in his eyes which suddenly stopped her. "I am very much in earnest about it, Gall," and his voice bore the stamp

of deep sincerity. "I love you. I want you to be my wife."

"Dick," protested Gall, and it was she who reached out and placed her hand in his. The action was too confidently frank for him to mistake it.

"I was afraid you'd think that way about it," he said, his voice full of a pain of which neither one had believed him capable. "This is the first time I ever proposed, except in fun, and I want to make you take me seriously. Gall, I've said so many pretty things to you, that now, when I am in such desperate earnest, there's nothing left but just to try to tell you how much I love you; how much I want you!"

He stopped, and, holding her hand, patting it gently with unconscious tenderness, he gazed earnestly into her eyes. His own were entirely without that burning glow which he had, for so long, bestowed on all the young and beautiful. They were almost somber now, and in their depth was a humble wishfulness which made Gall's heart bow out to him.

"I can't, Dick," she told him, smiling affectionately at him. "You're the dearest boy in the world, and I want you for my friend as long as we live; for my very dear friend!"

He studied her in silence for a moment, and then he put his hands on her cheeks, and drew her gently towards him. Still smiling into his eyes, she held up her lips, and he kissed her.

"I'd like to say something jolly before I go," he said as he rose; "but I can't seem to think of it." Gall laughed, but there was a trace of moisture in her eyes as she took his arm.

"I'd like to help you out, Dicky, but I can't think of it either," she returned. She was crying a little when she went up the stairs, and her mood was not even interrupted by the fact that Aunt Helen's door was ajar, and that Aunt Helen stood just beyond the crack.

"Why, child, that Egyptian black is burning," was Aunt Helen's first observation. Gall dabbed hastily at the two tiny rivulets which had hesitated at the study, which was thick with smoke.

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"I merely wish to chat international politics," returned Allison. "There is an old-time feud between you and your neighbors to the west."

"That is history," replied the visitor noncommittally. "We are now at peace." "Never peace," denied Allison.

"There will never be friendship between phlegmatism and mercurialism. You might rest for centuries with your neighbors to the west, but rest is not peace."

"Excuse me, but what do you mean?" and the visitor stared stolidly. "In your affairs of mutual relationship with the land to the west, there are not less than a dozen causes upon which war could be started without difficulty," went on Allison.

"The visitor locked his thick fingers quietly together and kept on stolidly glaring. "You are about to have a war," Allison advised him.

"No, it is not true," and the visitor went so far, in his emphasis, as to unlock his fingers and rest one hand on the back of the other.

"I think I am a very fair prophet," said Allison easily. "I have made money by my prophecy. I have more money at my command at the present time than any man in the world, than any government; wealth beyond handling in mere currency. It can only be conveyed by means of checks. Let me show how easy it is to write them, and, drawing a blank book to him, he wrote a check, and signed his name, and filled out the stub, and tore it out, and handed it to the visitor for inspection.

"I see," was the comment, and the check was handed back. He drew his straight-crowned derby towards him. "I have made a mistake," said Allison. "I have left off a cipher," and correcting this omission with a new check, he tore up the first one.

"I see," commented the visitor, and put the second check in his pocket. "That had required considerable outlay, but when Allison was alone, he went over to his globe and made another long, red mark.

A neat-waisted man, with a goatee of carefully selected hairs and a luxuriant black mustache, called on Allison, and laid down his hat and his stick and his gloves, in a neat little pile, with separate jerks. He jerked out a cigarette, he jerked out a match, and jerkily lit the former with the latter.

"I am here," he said. "I am able to give you some important diplomatic news," Allison advised him. "Your country is about to have a war with your ancient enemy to the east. It will be declared within a month."

"It will be finished in a week," prophesied the neat-waisted caller, his active eyes lighting with pleasure. "Possibly," admitted Allison. "I understand that your country is not in the best of financial conditions to undertake a war, particularly with that ancient enemy."

"The banking system of my country is patriotic," returned the caller. "Its only important banks are controlled under one system. I am the head of that system. I am a patriot!" and he tapped himself upon the breast with deep and sincere feeling.

"How much revenue does your position yield you personally?" A shade of sadness crossed the brow of the neat-waisted caller. "It does not yield you this much," and Allison pushed toward him a little slip of paper on which were inscribed some figures.

The caller's eyes widened as they read the sum. He smiled. He shrugged his shoulders. He pushed back the slip of paper. "If your banking system found it impossible to be patriotic, your government would be compelled to raise money through other means. It would not withdraw from the war."

"Never!" and the neat-waisted caller once more touched himself on the breast. "It would be compelled to negotiate a loan. If other governments, through some understanding among their bankers, found it difficult to provide this loan, your government would find it necessary to release its ownership, or at least its control of its most valuable commercial possession."

The caller, who had followed Allison's progressive statement with interest, gave a quick little nod of his head. "That most valuable commercial possession," went on Allison, "is the state railways. You were convinced by my agent that there is a new and powerful force in the world, or you would not be here. Suppose I point out that it is possible to so crumple your banking system that you could not help your country, if you would, suppose I show you that, in the end, your ancient enemy will lose his identity, while your country remains intact; suppose I show you that the course I have proposed is the only way open which will save your country from annihilation? What then?"

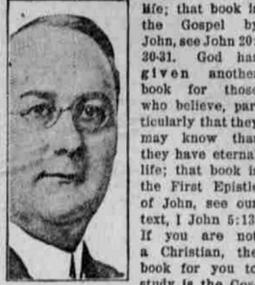
"That is a big job," said the visitor. "It's a great job, Napoleon. If he had had all our troops to fight with here, would have had to dig himself in just the same." "Ah," said Joffre, slowly stroking his chin. "Napoleon! No, I think Napoleon would have thought of something!"—Manchester Guardian.

Not an industrious Lad. Young Henry Biggs, the miller's son, who had been apprenticed to Farmer Grubbin's, had not proved what might be described as a conspicuous success. And so, when old Biggs came along one day to ask what progress the lad was making, there came a certain dubious expression into the old farmer's eye.

Eternal Life, a Present Possession By REV. WM. W. KETCHUM Director of Practical Work Course Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.—1 John 5:13.

God has given one book in the Bible particularly to tell us how we may have eternal life; that book is the Gospel by John, see John 20: 30-31. God has given another book for those who believe, particularly that they may know that they have eternal life; that book is the First Epistle of John, see 1 John 5:13.



After John Wesley had been preaching some time, but without results, someone said to him: "Are you sure, Mr. Wesley, of your salvation?" Wesley replied he was sure that provision had been made for his salvation. "But, are you sure, Mr. Wesley, that you are saved?" It went like an arrow, and he had no rest until he was sure of his salvation.

But is it not presumptuous for one to say, "I know I am saved"? Certainly not, if one really does know he is saved. It honors God and Christ, "for by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Paul was able to say, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Why should this not be your testimony, if you are a Christian? It can be if your assurance centers in Christ.

Your church membership does not save you. No church on earth can save a man. It's sad, but true, there are undoubtedly multitudes of unconverted church members who are lost. It is not the church, but Christ, who saves. "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

If you are depending upon your morality, it won't save you. Nothing is quite so dishonoring to God and Christ as a sinner's boastful righteousness, which God says is in his sight as filthy rags. To pay your debts, to be a good, true husband or wife, parent or neighbor, does not constitute you a Christian. A Christian is one who, having accepted by faith the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior, is born from above. Thus he becomes a partaker of the divine nature and will manifest in his life the life of God. See Titus 3:5.

Again, let me say that you are not saved because you feel you are saved. You can feel saved, and be lost. I heard a train. Someone says, "Are you sure you are on the right train?" "Oh, yes, I'm on the right train!" "Well, how do you know you are?" "Oh, because I feel I am." "Nonsense," the person would say. "You can't depend upon your feelings in this matter; what you need is not feeling, but fact." So the right order in the matter of salvation is fact, faith, feeling. If I can believe what God says, assuredly I can believe what God says. See 1 John 5:9-13.

We do accept the testimony of men; why then should we not accept the testimony of God who says "He that hath the Son hath life." The matter for us to decide is whether we have the Son or not, for upon this depends whether we are saved or not. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," John 3:36. It is for us to receive by faith God's gift of his Son. If we really and truly do this, God will do his part—give unto us eternal life.

To believe on the Lord Jesus Christ is not simply to believe that he is the Son of God, the Savior of the world. "The demons," we read, "believe and tremble." Saving faith is a personal appropriation of Christ as one's own Savior.

When I was a boy I was greatly helped by the testimony I used to hear in the Railroad Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoons, from old Mr. Babbage, for years the sexton of the Brick Presbyterian church, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Babbage had the palsy and with faltering, stammering tongue he gave his testimony.

So far as I can remember it never varied and today I thank God for the oft-repeated testimony of his child. Leaning heavily on the chair in front of him, in faltering accents he would say: "John three thirty-six, He—that believeth—on the Son—hath, h-a-t-h, present tense, thank God, everlasting life." That testimony burned its way into the heart of the boy who today thanks God for eternal life, a present possession.

If we accept the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater; he that hath the Son hath life.

True Fear of God. The fear of God consists in a constant habitual sense of the glory of his being and perfections. Low and mean thoughts of the great God can never subsist in a heart that truly fears him; the consideration of the divine majesty naturally engages us in reverence. His excellency makes us afraid.—Neal.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend must have a very long head or a very short creed.—Colton.

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can't get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside of the pores on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

When a wife wants pin money her husband is compelled to come to the scratch.

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

It costs Great Britain on an average \$1,500 a year for each man in regular army at the present time.

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE

Take a Glass of Salts at Once If Your Back is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

Since the Chinese monarchy is re-established, the emperor receives an annual allowance of \$12,000.

Use Marine after Exposure in Cold, Cutting Winds and Dust. It Restores, Refreshes and Promotes Eye Health. Good for all Eyes that Need Care. Muring Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Greeks are supposed to be the best bargainers in the world.

Co-Zene Kills Eozema. Let us prove it. Accept no substitute. If your Druggist does not have it, write to Co-Zene Co., St. Paul, Minn.—Adv.

The average walking pace of a healthy man is 75 steps a minute.

OLD-WORLD MUSIC REVIVED

Connoisseurs Welcome With Delight the Return to Instrument Being...

For the musical connoisseur a new and delightful experience during the last season has been the appearance of the Russian musician, M. Voitichenko, and the old-world instrument, known as the tympanon, upon which he plays the London Chronicle states.

This seventeenth century instrument of the dilettante family, a musical ancestor of the clarinet, has been rescued from oblivion by M. Voitichenko, under whose fingers it has attained a high degree of artistic expression.

seems to have a certain affinity for the instrument, which as a matter of fact, has been in Russia for several generations in M. Voitichenko's family. These "Old Memories of Little Russia" and a "Rhapsody of Voiga Russia" both proved very exquisite and delightful as did also a fantasy on old French tunes, and some other pieces. Much of the charm of each it need hardly be said, lay in the very beautiful and sympathetic way in which the artist handled the instrument.

Have More Man on the Hip. There is a sad fate waiting for Mr. Man if women stay home one day, as the suffragists threaten to do some time in October. Their plan is to induce all women of the United States employed in business to stay away from work on a specified day.

This, they contend, will furnish a practical refutation of the argument that "woman's place is in the home" by demonstrating that the "place" of the "girl" Japanese. But they first appeared among the equipment of the British army in the summer of 1875, when John Wesley records: "Now

for even one day it would throw the organization of affairs out of joint. Public schools, department stores, and many industries would be forced to shut down, the telephone system would be paralyzed, some of the restaurants would have to close their doors and most offices, without stenographers, would proceed at half speed. And for fear that the "sex" may carry out their threat the suffragists say that many business men have asked the newspapers not to print anything about the strike. "It is dangerous, they say, dangerous to business. Do not encourage this lawless plan. At last the sisters are more man on the hip."—New York Times.

First Hand Grenades. Hand grenades, which are playing a prominent part in the present war, were revived in modern times by Gen. Gaden Powell during the siege of Mafeking. They were afterwards used with dire effect against the Russians by the "glim" Japanese. But they first appeared among the equipment of the British army in the summer of 1875, when John Wesley records: "Now

were brought into service a new kind of soldiers called grenadiers, who were dexterous in flinging hand grenades. They had furrow caps with coped crowns, which made them look very fierce."

These primitive grenadiers, after hurling their missile, charged the enemy with hatchets, and were frequently killed by their own firework. Besides grenades in pouches and battle axes, they were armed with muskets, slings (?), swords and daggers; and bayonets, when first invented, were appropriated to the grenadiers. So they must have been walking arsenals.

Joffre and Napoleon. A saying of General Joffre's which has never been given the publicity it deserves comes from a correspondent who vouches for its accuracy. It illustrates charmingly the modesty of the man who it is claimed, saved France. The general was explaining to a favored American visitor the position of the French army entrenched on the plain beneath the hill where they stood, and he traced the course of the German lines beyond.



"Poor Dicky," She Explained, and Walked into Her Own Room.